

## GRANDDAD IN THE INGLE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

(Cassell's Magazine.)

All on a windy night of yore,  
When snow was falling white,  
We sat all warm in the marsh farm  
Around the yule-logs bright.

The clock ticked low, and the wind did blow,  
And the snow was heaped and blown;  
And we laughed and talked, but granddad sat  
As still as any stone.

As still he sat as a cold, gray stone  
Upon the lone sea sands,  
His thin, gray hair as white as foam,  
Like drifting weeds his hands.

His eyes were dead, and dull, and cold,  
As the jelly-fish on the rock,  
His ears were closed, and his heart kept time  
To the ticking of the clock.

His cheeks were pale, his lips were dumb,  
He sat in the indiglo-ow,  
Still as a stone on the lone sea-sand,  
Though the life death come and go;

Though the sun may come on its moist cold side,  
And make a glistering gleam,  
Though the snow may melt, and the lightning flash,  
And the stars may come and go;

Too late! too late! he is old, so old,  
He hears no human call;  
He cannot smile, he cannot weep,  
His blood flows that is all.

"Granddad, granddad, look up and speak  
To thy grandchild Major!"  
He does not stir, but sits and smiles,  
Like one who doth not see.

He sits and faintly feels the fire,  
And feels his thin knees;  
Flash the light and rattle the log—  
He neither hears nor sees.

"Granddad! here is thy daughter Jean,  
Come over with cousin Jane!"  
"Ay, ay," he calls, with a little smile,  
But his soul shuts again.

"Ay, ay," the words have a strange sea-sound  
As they leave his feeble lips,  
Of the blowing wind across the sea,  
And the surf that salt in ships.

All year long he sat by the fire,  
And we heard him strange tales,  
Of his life of old, when he toiled and rolled  
Amid the lone sea gales.

And often when his chair was wheeled  
Without him to the sun,  
He sat in the porch, we whispered low  
Of the deeds that he had done.

For round his life a mystery hung,  
No soul could wholly clear,  
And we children had heard that he had been  
A bloody blood.

That the stain of blood was on his hands,  
That his soul was black and deep,  
His spirit shriek in sleep,  
His spirit shriek in sleep.

That the red round gold his hands had gained  
Was eyed with such a stare,  
And we saw, our voices said,  
And we looked at him again.

Sometimes his face would flash to fire,  
And his hands would clutch his chair,  
And some bloody scene within his soul  
Would shake him unaware.

Sometimes his cold lips would unclose,  
And talk in a strange tongue,  
And his voice would speak, his thin arms move,  
And all his ways grow young.

Sometimes his voice was fierce and loud,  
As if he trod the deck;  
Sometimes he seemed to toll like men  
Who swim from ships a wreck.

But ever the life he lived went on  
Within his soul alone;  
Yet all the while the waves of life  
He kept as cold as stone.

Yet on his face would life in peace,  
As if he knew no sin,  
With a light that came not from without,  
But issued from within.

A light like glistering light that sleeps  
On the wet rock by the sea,  
As if his thoughts were all at rest,  
And some blue heaven within his breast  
Was waiting tranquility.

III.  
Suddenly on that night of yore,  
While we sat in the porch,  
The old man shape waved up his arms,  
And sprang from out his chair.

"See, see!" he cried, and his hair was blown  
Around his head and neck,  
He pointed with his skinny hand,  
And uttered eager cries.

"Now, granddad, granddad, sit thee down,  
There is no creature night,  
He answered not, but stood erect,  
With wild-glittering eye.

"Hush! man the boats!" and in our sight  
Firm up and down he trod.  
"Form line! who strike a footstep die!"  
She sinking—prayer to God!

"Nail down the hatch!" if the slaves  
Climb up, we must all drown.  
If we can, we must all drown.  
If we can, we must all drown.

"Away—she sinks!" and both his ears  
He stopped as he did speak,  
"Saved, saved!" he moaned, then trembling stood  
With tears upon his cheek.

"God pardon me, and cleanse my soul!"  
He murmured with thin moan,  
Then raised his hands in air,  
And dropped as dead as stone!

## GENERAL NOTES.

Michigan's salt crop for last year amounted to 4,116,730 bushels.

Someone has been led to suspect that lead could be found at Alton, Ill.

The first conviction under the new Sunday liquor law has occurred in Philadelphia.

The Chicago Post introduced Eli Perkins to its readers as "the great American fraud." It won't do to show too fine a discrimination in that matter.

The quicksilver excitement at the Pine Flat mining region, California, continues unabated. Some of the claims are actively worked and are yielding well.

Three tons of base ball bats have been shipped by a single Vermont manufacturer to the Boston market this winter. This is only increasing the number of "strickers."

17,500 pounds of fresh beef came through in good condition, from Los Animas, California, in a refrigerator car, last week, and brought good prices at Rutland, Vermont.

A German organization is to be formed in Philadelphia, in opposition to the present Sunday liquor law. It styles itself, "The True Water." We hope that they are all of the "first" water.

The general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, will meet in Louisville about the end of April. It will be composed of 400 members, representing 700,000 communicants.

Wisconsin papers place the amount of lumber put in on the Mississippi and Rum rivers, at 130,000,000 feet, against 200,000,000 last year, and upon the St. Croix, at 130,000,000, against 180,000,000 last year.

The woman's temperance movement in Michigan is led by a woman named Laura Hildan, who, during the days of slavery, was proscribed by the Kentuckians, a price being put upon her head.

Henry Wilson and William Sawyer, two witnesses who had testified before the district investigating committee in Washington, have both been arrested under a charge of perjury, and are held each in \$1,000 bail.

Some ladies lately wrote to Mr. William B. Astor, requesting him to stop the sale of liquor at the bar of the Astor House, and urging as a plea that "it had done more evil than the Astor library had done good."

A woman's theatre is about being established in London. There is to be a manageress, the players are all to be women, the playwrights must also be women, while the celebrated Vienna orchestra is engaged for the music.

The Cincinnati Elevator company has sued the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad company for \$150,000 damages,

claimed in consequence of the alleged violation of a contract to deliver grain to said Elevator company.

There are 800,000 insurance policy-holders in this country, and the amount they are insured for is equal to the national debt. Why don't the holders immortalize themselves by dying out and leaving their insurance to Uncle Sam?

About fifty pilgrims to Lourdes, in France, have secured state-rooms on a French steamer sailing from New York on the 16th of May. These pilgrims propose traveling on their pious mission in a style similar to commercial "runners."

The mayor of New York says there are at the present time 9,000 men employed on the public works of New York city. He makes this statement in defense of himself against the accusation that he has practically suspended all public work in the city.

"The day is not far distant," says a Raleigh paper, "when the world will begin to look on death as a journey to another country." The Louisville Courier-Journal assents to this, and naively adds that the journey will be one on which we can all go as dead-heads.

William S. King, the great Minnesota bloodstock fancier is about to abandon stock farming, and will sell his entire herd at Chicago some time in May. Mr. King has been postmaster of the House of Representatives, congressional agent of Jay Cooke & company, and held other confidential relations.

The subscriptions to the centennial from private sources are reported by the chairman of the Philadelphia citizens' committee at \$1,500,000, which with the \$1,000,000 from the city council, \$500,000 from the railroads, and \$1,000,000 from the state, leaves but \$800,000 of the estimated requirement to be obtained.

Mrs. Mary Ann Hall, of Cincinnati, O. widow of Captain Chas. F. Hall, the Arctic explorer, to-day petitioned the Senate, through Mr. Sherman, for a pension. Her petition is warmly commended by General William T. Sherman, General Sheridan, W. W. Corcoran and other eminent persons.

Washington Irving's Life of Mohammed has lately been the occasion of a riot in Bombay. It was translated into Oriental dialects, and its perusal excited some of the fanatical sects of Mohammedans to great rage, and a tumult followed which the police were called in to quell. That is one of the unseen influences.

Robert Bonner has bought three full sisters of his famous "Dexter"—the eldest a four-year old named "Astoria," and the others a two-year old and yearling. The dam of "Dexter's" dam was an animal of great endurance, known in Orange county, New York, as the "western mare," and died at the age of 32.

The writing on the Harari papyrus, purchased not long since by the British museum for \$3,300 has been lately deciphered by Mr. Goodwin, who has discovered in it a new example of the old Egyptian script of which there are but two others extant. The first is the legend of the deities of the deceased of the Court of Rouge; the second is the enchanted papyrus deciphered by the German scholar Brugsch. The new one is that concerning the fate of the doomed prince. It was composed in the period of the nineteenth dynasty of Egyptian rulers, and is similar in every respect to our own tales for children.

A CHIP OF THE MOREAU BLOCK.  
HOW A SON OF MOREAU FELL INTO THE HANDS OF THE PHILISTINES OF THE LAW—A VERY INSTRUCTIVE STORY.

Like father like son is illustrated in the following account from the Kokomo Tribune of this week: On Tuesday last, Mart V. Haseltine, of this office, who is a special policeman, went into the Clinton House Billiard room and while there was addressed by a young man in this wise, "How are you, Tober? I'm glad to see you; how've you been?" Mart informed him that he was mistaken, that he didn't know him, "when the young man said, 'why you and I were in jail together at Anderson.'"

Again Mart denied the subject was turned, and the young man walked off to another part of the hall. Mart, came out and spoke to Marshals Hutto and Stewart, when they told him that he had better see the young man again, play "Tober" and see what he was after. He did so. The second interview, as was in a quiet place, up-stairs in the Clinton House. Mart complained of the familiarity, said he had a position in the Tribune office, had charge of the steamer "City of Kokomo" and the night police and that he should not have given him away in that style. The young man apologized but said he had turned the subject as soon as he saw it wasn't pleasant. The two then talked over their breaking into an Anderson store, their days and months in jail, &c. The young man asked "Tober" if he remembered the jail house to throw kisses at through the bars of the jail, and if he had ever seen her after he got out. Mart replied, "Yes, often." Finally, on being questioned about his business, the young man said he was bound to make a raise in Kokomo; that he was a lawyer, that he had been breaking into houses at Chicago, and eleven other came near being caught, etc. He said I am bound to

GO THROUGH A STORE here and wanted "Tober" to tell him the best place. Mart said he had been looking at Davis & Co's. store, that it would be quite easy of entrance and that he would turn the job over to him. The next day the young man went to Davis & Co's. store, looked at a ready made suit, decided that he would get one made, went up stairs to see the tailors and be measured, and of course got the "lay" of the house. On Wednesday night Haseltine walked about with his friend and all the plans were perfected. The two kept together and shadowed the marshals until they had seen both Hutto and Stewart go into their houses. They returned, and Mart, got his own dack lantern for use inside. In due time they went to the store. The youth took his boots off, and went up-stairs into the hall, where an entrance was made through a window by the young man. As soon as he got fat inside, and was going down stairs, quietly as a mouse, Haseltine left the entrance point and went home, and Marshal Stewart took his place. The thief got into the store room and made up a load. Just as he shouldered his goods, George Hutto and The. Davis, one of the proprietors, stepped forward and demanded him to surrender, which he did, confessing that he was sold. Had he, by any means, discovered them and tried to get out, Harry Stewart would have gone him up-stairs. But he surrendered gracefully and was taken to jail and locked up. We need hardly say that Haseltine had never seen him before. After his arrest, his pockets were searched and from letters on his person it was learned that the thief is the son of Will. C. Moreau, whom the Democracy of this district nominated for Congress. It will be remembered that Will became so disgusted with the dull prospect of an election that he played sick and quit, when Doc. Henderson stepped into his shoes. Moreau is now preaching in Georgia. The young thief spent several years at the Reform School and without any benefit as the above will show.

## THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

(Appleton's Journal.)

"Show me a sight  
Of a young Irish girl at it.  
Oh, no!  
Nothing you'll show,  
Aqual her sittin' and takin' a twirl at it.

Look at her there,  
Night in her hair,  
The blue ray of day from her eye laughin' out  
At me!  
Fay, ay, a foot,  
Peepin' to put an end to all doubt to us.

That there's a sight  
Bates for delight  
An old Irish wheel with a young Irish girl at it;  
Oh, no!  
Nothing you'll show,  
Aqual her sittin' and takin' a twirl at it.

See! the lamb's wool  
Turns coarse and dull  
By them soft, beautiful, weasly, white hands  
Of her;  
Down goes her heel,  
Round goes the wheel,  
Purkin' wid pleasure to take the commands  
Of her.

Then show me a sight  
Bates for delight  
An old Irish wheel with a young Irish girl at it.  
Oh, no!  
Nothing you'll show  
Aqual her sittin' and takin' a twirl at it.

Talk of Three Fates  
Safe, ay, a foot,  
Spinnin' and shearin' away till they've done  
For me.  
You may want three  
For your massacre,  
But one fate for me, boys, and only the one  
For me.

And  
Isn't that fate  
Pictured complete,  
An old Irish wheel with a young Irish girl at it?  
Oh, no!  
Nothing you'll show,  
Aqual her sittin' and takin' a twirl at it."

## SPRING.

(Chambers' Journal.)

Thou of the sunny head,  
With lilies garlanded,  
And bloom fairer than the blown sea foam;  
Thy violet and white desert thou stay  
Whom leaves await thy presence to unfold?  
The branches of the lime with frost are gray,  
And all imprisoned is the crocus' gold.  
Come, sweet Enchantress, come!

Thou, in the sombre west,  
Thy star hath lit its crest—  
Pale Phosphor, fronting forth the withered moon—  
Thy violet and white desert thou stay  
Whom leaves await thy presence to unfold?  
The branches of the lime with frost are gray,  
And all imprisoned is the crocus' gold.  
Come, sweet Enchantress, come!

White are the country ways,  
And white and tangled maze,  
Loved of the oxlip and the creeping thyme;  
Lave shakes the poplar on the sullen ridge,  
Cold gleams the spectral mill above the flood;  
Hoarse fountains stream beneath the ivied bridge,  
And lightning strikes the darkness of the wood;  
Enchantress, bless our time.

No bloom of dewy morn,  
No freshly-blossomed thorn,  
Gladdens the importunings of sad eyes;  
The day wastes drearily, through cloud and sheet;  
Over the watered meadows and stark vales  
The night comes down impetuous and fleet,  
And about this, whatever be the cause,  
O fair Enchantress, rise.

Arise, and bring with thee  
The rattle bug for the tree,  
The healing sunshine for the trampled grass;  
Loose tresses for the boughs which bless the caves,  
And send the swallows in the rainy hours,  
The golden flames which the laburnum leaves,  
And faint scents for the wind-stirred lilac wood;  
Enchantress, breathe and pass.

Men knew, and kissed, of old,  
And knew, and kissed, of old,  
Thy radiant foot on the mead or waste;  
Earth kindled at thine advent—altars burned,  
And ringing cymbals bade the hearts be out.  
But now, in sunless solitudes turned,  
Thou leavest the world unto reluctant day.  
O haste, Enchantress, haste!

The lark shall sing again,  
Between the sun and rain,  
The brown bee through the flowered pastures roam,  
Ther shall be music in the frozen woods,  
A gurgling carol in the rushing brook,  
An odor in the half-unblossomed bud,  
And dancing daisies on the carpeted nook;  
Then come, Enchantress, come!

## PHILOSOPHY.

COWPER.

Man feels the need of an unerring guide,  
And knows not where to find it, till he no more,  
Unless the power that bade him stand restore;  
This is indeed philosophy; this, known,  
And sought for, whatever be the cause,  
Whether the space between the stars and us,  
Whether the nucleus of the sun, or the sea,  
Whether the sunbeam, carve a fly, or split a flea;  
The solemn trifler with his boasted skill  
Toils much, and is a solemn trifler still.

## AMERICAN GROWTH.

WHAT THE CENSUS SHOWS.

THE FORTHCOMING STATISTICAL ATLAS—WHAT IT IS DESIGNED TO ILLUSTRATE—SOMETHING ABOUT THE CENTER OF CREATION—THE RELATION OF SEXES, ETC.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from New Haven, thus describes some of the features which the census of 1870 exhibit: Professor Francis A. Walker closed the notable series of popular scientific lectures given this winter by President Porter and the professors of the Sheffield Scientific School by an interesting exhibit and explanation of the various statistical maps and charts he has been preparing during the last year for his forthcoming statistical atlas. This atlas, it will be remembered, was authorized by the act of March 3, 1873, to illustrate more completely than was attempted in the first publication of the ninth census the results of that enumeration. It will contain about fifty plates, and will show to the eye, by a number of ingenious and original methods of delineation, the meaning of the dreary columns of figures which fill the three bulky volumes of the census.

Prefacing his remarks with the observation that midway between the two greatest studies of a man—himself and his race—was the study of his country, he proceeded at once to the exposition of the charts as they were projected on a large screen by the stereopticon. The first shown was a hypometrical sketch of the United States, showing by a gradation of shade the inequalities of its surface.

POPULATIONS AND PRODUCTIONS. Passing rapidly over charts showing the distribution of heat and rain, he threw upon the screen a striking map of the great river systems. These he grouped into four general divisions: the Atlantic, North Lake, Mississippi and Pacific. The Atlantic basin, with an area of 297,397 square miles, held a population of 14,297,453 souls; the North Lake, with an area of 180,018, contained 4,399,094; the Mississippi, with an area of 808,706, only 839,410; or less than one to the square mile. Of the tobacco raised in the United States, nearly sixty per cent. grew in the Ohio basin of the Mississippi system. The South Atlantic system produced three fourths of all our rice. Almost all our cotton comes from the Lower Mississippi basin, where the population is 8,500,000. The more northern basins lead in wheat, the Upper Mississippi system yielding one-third of

the aggregate amount, while the Ohio basin gives one-fourth. The use of steam and water power in the different systems was next treated, and then the lecturer considered the maps illustrating the distribution of the population of the country. The reproduction upon the screen of this map gave little idea of the beauty of the engraved copy. But enough was deciphered to give the audience a general idea of where our people "most do congregate."

On this map was a star—that star of empire which was westward, etc.—showing THE CENTER OF POPULATION.

In 1870, the point where, assuming the country to be a plane and each inhabitant as of equal weight, the area thus loaded would balance. Professor Hilyard, of the Coast Survey, made a series of computations a few years ago to determine the westward movement of the population, and fixed the center for 1870 at 83 deg. 30 min. west, being an advance from the center at 1860 of 46 miles. The advance in the two preceding decades were 52 and 54 miles respectively. The determination as made by General Walker fully verifies these calculations, the two results differing from one to three minutes—a discrepancy accounted for by the slightly different methods pursued. General Walker places the center at 84 deg. 35 min. 7 sec. west and 39 deg. 12 min. north. This is about fifty miles east by north of Cincinnati, in the northwest corner of Highland county, Ohio. The favored village should now find out who is its central man and send him to the centennial, where, beyond a doubt, he would be the center of attraction. One of the most suggestive maps of the collection was next exhibited, showing the birth-rate of the country; that is, the number of children born each year to every 1,000 inhabitants. The greatest ratio was seen to be along the western frontier, while the more "civilized" portions of the nation made but a sorry showing. The effects of social conditions, crowded cities, high prices, extravagant tastes, fashion, etc., on the increase of population were briefly discussed.

"In general," said the professor, "where population is densest the birth-rate is lowest."

RATIO OF THE SEXES. Turning now to charts of another description, General Walker paid a high compliment to the Rev. Mr. Wines, secretary of the Illinois Board of Charities, who, he said, had revolutionized the system of statistical representation by the invention of a new method of illustration. The lecturer proceeded to explain this system by a series of figures, showing the ratio of the aggregate male and female inhabitants of the country, and of each state, between each decade of life, to the aggregate population of all ages. These ratios having been computed from the tables of population and mortality, were represented by ordinates, extending from a perpendicular, which corresponded in length to the greatness of the ratio. The ordinates for the male ratios are measured to the left of the perpendicular, and those for the female ratios to the right. The lowest ordinates represent those under ten, and so on up to the limit of life. This method of delineation shows instantly the relative magnitude of the ratios, and consequently the fraction of the male and female population comprehended by each decade of life. The figure representing the aggregate population, population, for instance, is shaded like a roof with a double pitch, the higher part steep, the lower part spreading rapidly to a broad base. This, of course, results from the large proportion of children and the gradual thinning by death of the grown population. The figures representing deaths by consumption bulges out a little below the middle, as the years between 20 and 40 contain most of the deaths from this disease. The figures representing peculiarly children's complaints look like an inverted T, while those showing the peculiar maladies of old age resemble a waterspout, or an umbrella blown inside out.

OTHER EXHIBITS. General Walker showed several series of these charts, representing, among other facts, the distribution by age and sex of deaths from consumption, pneumonia, fevers, nervous disorders, etc., in every state, and also the percentage of the blind, deaf and dumb, insane and idiotic in each decade and sex, by states. The large excess of blindness among males, as shown by these charts, he ascribed to their greater exposure to the glare of the sun; the dangers of the mine, the factory and grogshop, from which the women were protected. "The majority of the insane," continued the speaker, "are women; but, gentlemen, you have no cause for congratulation—the greater portion of idiots are men."

Returning to the former system of delineation, Gen. Walker showed the localities most favorable to consumption and to malarial diseases; then, in rapid succession, the distribution of illiteracy in the aggregate population and in the white male over 21, the chosen sections of their principal foreign portions of our population, the relative per capita taxation of the different sections of the country and the corn and cotton growing regions. Two-thirds of the Irish are east of Buffalo, while two-thirds of the Germans are west of that meridian; the Welch are always to be found under the shadow of the mines; the Canadians in the forests, the saw-mills, the carpenters' shops, and wherever there is wood; the Swedes are, by eminence, farmers, and for this reason are particularly sought after by railroad companies. The great Chinese avalanche has not yet fallen. Less than three hundred Celestials have crossed the Rocky Mountains to become house servants, and so small are their numbers, even on the Pacific coast, that it is hard to represent them truthfully on our country maps.

Those who listened to Prof. Walker will eagerly avail the atlas of which these "pictures" form a part. Many of the most striking features of the work were not presented, all the copy not having passed as yet from the press. The new statistical atlas will probably be published before July.

The New York Sun thus speaks of some pictures now on exhibition in Broadway, painted by Gordon Trumbull, of Hartford: They are pictures of fish. The first of them represents a trout, one of the kind which are found chiefly in the waters of Maine, in Rangely and the other lakes which flow into the Androscoggin. This fish is taken by the artist at the moment when the sportsman has lost him, to-wit, when in the struggle for life after being hooked, he has made a mad rush over a heavy fall, and broken the tackle. He is falling in front of the foam, which gives a very difficult background, though it is well managed, to bring out the peculiar beauties of the fish. His mouth is open, for the fish is nearly dead with the long contest, and he is throwing up water by the dashing torrent, he is falling open mouthed and exhausted. The anatomy of the trout, the peculiar construction of the skin, the scales, shades and colors of the crimson and gold spots, the wonderful tints in gill plates and around the head, all indicate that the picture is a portrait. Mr. Trumbull does not paint ideal fish. He reproduces almost photographic likenesses, but with infinitely more life and reality than any photograph.

The next picture is a small group of two trout lying on green, rich grass. These make one's mouth water to look at. They are so cool, so subdued in their exquisite colors, having just that dryness and no more which trout acquire ten minutes after being taken. The green herbage is a mass of green, delicately and perfectly painted as the fish.

## HOOSIER SAW WORKS.

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## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

370 ACRES

VALUABLE MARION COUNTY LANDS, FOR SALE.

By virtue of a decree or order of sale of the Superior Court of Marion county, Indiana, rendered at its March Term, A. D. 1873, in an action were and are plaintiffs, and John W. Bruce was and is defendant, the undersigned, as Commissioner, appointed by said decree, will sell at private public auction (unless sooner sold at private sale) the real estate hereinafter described, on the fourteenth (14) day of April, A. D. 1874, at the door of the Court House of Marion county, in the city of Indianapolis, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M. of said day.

Said real estate comprises a farm of 370 acres, more or less, situated in Washington township, Marion county, Indiana, and about nine miles from the city of Indianapolis, adjoining the town of Allisonville, and one mile and a half from Castleton station, on the Peru & Indianapolis railroad. The entire farm is under fence, and 300 acres thereof, more or less, in a good state of cultivation; the residue is heavily timbered and in good woods pasture. There is on the premises a good small frame house with cellars, and a good spring near the house. There is also an apple orchard on the premises.

The lands to be sold are described as the east half of section twenty (20), in township seven (7), range four (4) east, containing 271.88-100 acres, more or less. Also all that part of the south-east quarter of section seven (7), in the same township and range, which lies south and west of White River, being in the south-west corner of said quarter-section, and containing 19-40 acres, more or less. Also the south half of the north-west quarter of section number twenty-one (21), in the same township and range, containing 80 acres more or less. Immediate possession will be given.

TERMS OF SALE. One-third of the purchase money in cash, one-third in one year, and one-third in two years from the day of sale. The purchaser or purchasers will be required to give their notes, payable in bank, for the deferred payments, with reasonable interest at six per cent. from the day of sale till maturity, and with reasonable attorney's fees if suit should be instituted to enforce payment of said notes, or any, or either of them. The purchaser or purchasers will receive a certificate of purchase conditioned for the conveyance of the premises purchased within ten days from and after the time when said court shall order a deed to be made after the purchase money shall have been fully paid. The purchaser will be required to pay the taxes for 1874, and all thereafter.

W. M. HENDELSOHN, Commissioner.

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